PAGE TWO

3

THE DAILY TAR HEEL 21.54 SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1959

In Praise

It isn't often that the editor gets a chance to single out an individual for praise, and it is probably less frequent that he does this, but it is getting close to the end of the year, and even the most hard bitten of editors, as no doubt most of the campus thinks this one is, may wax somewhat sentimental.

The individual to be singled out is named lim fordan, a name that has appeared only a very lew times in The Daily Tar Heel and probably will give rise to the question, Who's he?"

Well, be isn't president, he isn't editor, and he isn't a big wheel student politician, although he would be a capable person in anyposition he'might want to fill.

This year he undertook a fairly thankless job, a job that would bring little notoriety but very much work. And he has made the job something, and the organization he heads worthwhile.

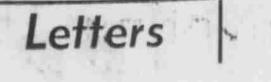
The freshman forum was little more than a good idea in past years, but under Jordan's leadership, it has been programming worthwhile intellectual outlets for freshmen during the entire year. He has had setbacks. A few weeks after rush this fall, half the original group ceased to strend meetings, but his work continued so that presently a great number of students either participate or take part in the work and programs of the forum. Indeed, of all the YMCA's trial balloons in the field of trying to stimulate intellectual intcrest, the Freshman Forum has been the most successful.

So if the acidity of the editor's tongue is curbed for at least one editorial, it is for good reason and a deserving person-Jim Jordan.

Reasons

When one starts searching for the realons for intellectual apathy on this campus, one need look no farther than teacher deployment for one answer.

Of all the entering freshmen, only those who have demonstrated ability and who show a high satitude and achievement on entrance examinations are offered the opportunity to study under full time faculty personnel during their first two years. Indeed, only those in special advanced sections are guaranteed this necessity.



Editor:

The right of voluntary association is an inherent right under our system of government. Labor unions are associations of free men and women who are banded together to promote their common interests. In North Carolina and throughout the South in general there is strong and often violent opposition to the idea of organized labor. A recent incident as Franklin and the present situation in Henderson are examples of this. I would assume from my contacts with Carolina studests that the Unions are the offenders in their minds. I believe that this assumption of theirs is in error. Therefore, briefly, I shall try to give our side of the picture.

First, let me state that I write as the editor of a labor newspaper and from the viewpoint of the AFL-CIO. However, facts are facts regardless of one's personal viewpoint.

The ugly picture of violence entered North Carolina several days ago when Robert Beame, a representative of the American Federation of Hosiery Workers was attacked in his motel room at Franklin by four men and brutally beaten. Files which he had were stolen and he was in effect kidnapped by a mob of about twentyfive men and "escorted" out of North Carolina. He was denied the protection of the law by the mayor, police, and sherrif's office in Franklin. He was refused the right to use a telephone and to contact the state patrol. Instead, with the assistance of the local officials, he was run out of the state. Union officials have requested a Senate investigation of the incident and



On The Carolina Gentlemen

unfortunate CG. (This experience clesk clerk and a blanket which ex-

Democracy

Sidney Dakar

It seems to me that democracy

can only function effectively in the

lands of plenty. Every week or so

we hear that another country has

given up the experiment in demo-

cracy and has taken on some

form of dictatorial rule. Sooner or

later we are going to be forced to

ask ourselves whether most peo-

ple really want democracy. It

would be an understatement to say

that the vast majority of the

earth's multitudes have much

stronger desires than a love for

democracy, hunger is only one. It

seems obvious that the 600 mil-

say that the majority of German

people did not want Hitler in con-

It is rather hard to see how such

a mass movement of such fanati-

cal and devoted nature could be

effected without at least the pas-

sive acquiescence of the populace

Actually, there are plenty of ex-

trol, but this point is debatable.

than to have democracy.

The following is a diary, in prose form, of a few days spent in a daze in a place called The Infirmary.

The Infirmary

Ron Shumate

First of all let's decide just what the Infirmary Robert M. Hutchins has been one of our most ardent idealists in the is.

It is a hospital-of sorts. Webster says an infirmfield of political thought. Mr. Hutchins has always taken every op- ary is a "Hospital, or place where the infirm or portunity to tell us how democracy sick are lodged and nursed, or where patients who is better than any other form of are not resident are treated."

We entered said infirmary or an otherwise government. Today Mr. Hutchins still believes that democracy is wheery-beery-boh Tuesday morn. We had good reathe best form of government, but son to be admitted to this place as we were one of he is seriously questioning the be- Webster's infirmed persons. But we won't go into lief that democracy will continue the doctor's diagnoses just now.

to be popular or, for that matter, First of all we were given a bed in a 5-bed ward. whether democracy will continue This place was in reality only a room-why it is callto exist at all. Every thoughtful ed a "ward" will be most apparent later.

Next we were given a quaint little cuplet of American should read Mr. Hutchins' article in the Saturday Re- pills-two white pills and one very pretty pink capview. When such idealists as Mr. sule. Next a nurse crammed a thermometer in our Hutchins start to doubt the effec- mouth-this was the mere beginning of a long series tiveness of demogracy, it is time of temp-taking. At the same time, the nursie grabbed we all did a little soul searching. our wrist to take pulse. Luckily, we still had pulse.

Soon came a vampire. She was one of the prettiest vampires we've seen in some time-quite unlike most vampires. She very ardently and skillfully extracted a vial full of our own blood-red blood; then she dumped it into a tube which was in a "Frosty Treat" Dixie cup.

In parting she said "Blood always leaves me speechless." We never did figure that one out.

Later on came lunch. Strange as it may seem, the meal (and those to follow) wasn't the worst we've ever choked down-but certainly didn't measure up to Howard Johnson's.

Wednesday was a realitively uneventful dayif that's at all possible in the place.

Thursday we got out for a few hours to attend classes. We were quite weak, both mentally and physically, from being bed-ridden for two days.

lion in China prefer to eat rather We wandered back around one of the clock. By this time we felt great. As the infirmary is supposed When we consider other situato be a place for the infirmed (as was noted above) tions, no such simple answer will the administration (meaning doctors, nurses and or any meaning doctors, nurses any suffice. The most recent example derlies) were appalled to learn that we felt well.

of major importance is the French Immediately the wheels began to turn to change who voted overwhelmingly in fav- this shocking turn of events. We were given two. or of giving up some freedom and ounces of castor oil. (They HAD to give it to us, beputting a single man in control of cause we'd have certainly never bought the stuff their fate. We might next ask our- on our own!!).

selves if people prefer security to Therefore and thereafter, until the dawning of democracy. Certainly the French the following day, we had no rest. All through the were not starving when they voted night (and this was no song either) we tossed, turne to give up some freedom. They and made frequent mad dashes for another sector certainly were not ignorant of the building.

However, the other 1100 freshmen, who for the most part need the guidance, stimulation, and experience of a person who has been teaching for several years are forced to take courses under graduate instructors.

Admittedly graduate instructors need practice teaching, if they are going to be capable instructors after they finish graduate work. but the sacrifical lambs of their struggling attempts to find themselves should not be those who need the most capable guidance.

Perhaps one could keep more freshmen in school than the slightly over 40 percent that do remain by graduation, if proper instruction and guidance was available for the entering freshman.

This, the University of North Carolina, is not yet an educational factory devoted to the production of teachers. It still is an institution of higher learning in which the attempt is made to take the brightest talents in the state and develop their minds so they they are thinking individuals. At least, this is what one would like to believe after reading the University catalogue.

It would not take too much effort to change the teacher deployment so that freshmen can have the instruction they vitally need. It might just breed a more solid University.

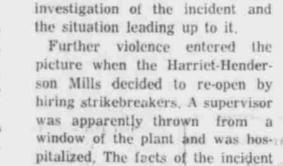
Legislature

The Student Legislature followed the path of a similar body at W. C. in passing a resolution pressing for budgetary increases for the University of North Carolina. It was not a controversial measure, but nevertheless it was a good one.



The official student publication of the Publication Board of the University of North Carolina, where it

is published daily except Monday and examination periods and summer terms. Entered as second class matter in the post office in Chapel Hill, N. C., under the act of March 8



are still obscure. It is a fact, however, that he was assisted by the strikers in getting into an am-r bulance and to a hospital.

ample the throwing of some fire. so egotistically!) His pursuit of crackers, were played up by the somen is almost scientific, so perpress in general. Then Governor, lected is his medus operadi. Hodges got into the act by send. In class, the CG checks all the ing extra state patrolmen to the decent looking females, pinpoints, scene. This action was resented by their positions, then memorizes union members who disliked seeing strikebreakers escorted through their picket lines by state patrolmen.

The next development was the brutal beating of Boyd Payton. Southern Vice President of the Textile Workers Union of America and chief negotiator for the Union in the dispute, by unknown thugs who lured him from his motel room by pretending to be an official of one of the Local Unions. This came even as Payton was making radio appeals for nonviolence in broadcasts paid for by the Union. The result of this acts. of willful violence created such an explosive atmosphere that presently some one hundred and thir-

It would appear that the management of the Harriet-Henderson Mills has determined to "bust" the Union in their Mills. The Union is determined to fight for its existence and protect the rights of the workers. It is hoped that a fair and just agreement can be reached to end the strike. The Un-

ty state patrolmen are in Hender-

ion is pledged to this end. As for the violence, we have publicly called for a full investigation by both state and federal authorities. The Senate Rackets Committee should hold a complete investigation into the incidents of both Franklin and Henderson. Those responsible should be prothe dean of women to date him. secuted. We of the labor movement There is the possibility of some have asked for the same. We have minor exaggeration here. . Maybe nothing to fear from the McClelthe boy was from Duke rather lan Committee. Can management than State). say the same? To the present they Yes, the Carolina Gentleman can have not, I only ask that labor be found in almost any environbe given a fair hearing. For in ment fashionable or otherwise, in the same we rest our case. his ceaseless search for woman-1 maintain the right of workers hood. One cannot help but admire to organize and to remain organhis perserverance, his loyalty, his ixed - even in North Carolina, nerve. He accepts the most adverse conditions with staunch **ROBERT PACE**, editor courage. Consider; for instance, Durham Labor Journal

P. W. Carlton

What is a Carolina Gentleman? This question has been asked many times. Consider one aspect of the CG: Date habits.

The Carolina gentleman is undoubtedly the most intrepid hunter of i'les femmes" on the face of cent of time pursuing them and the other ten either thinking about them or telling his friends about

Several minor incidents, for ex- his latest conquests (And ob their names from the seating chart. After this its only a matter of time until he's on the most intimate terms with the unfortunate mademoiselles, who are often bewildered at being greeted by total strangers with pepsodent leers. The CG is incorrigible. He can smell girls over distance of several miles. He can detect them in the dark. He is often used by less sensitive "Dookies" and State farmers to procure dates in difficult situations. Given a few minutes to sniff and peer, the CG unerringly points covey of ravishing beauties.

> CG's are often guilty of the dirti est forms of snaking. They steal dates with embarassing candor. never becoming ruffled by the discomfiture of the offended parties or by the stomped on toes and smashed fingers involved . . At WCUNC, the CG's descend like eagles (or is it the plague) upon the frightened campus, gobbling up the unfortunate students and spiriting them off to dens of iniquity like the Bore and Castle, etc. It is said that the dean of women at WC once attempted to intercede for a grief-stricken State senior who had just lost his date (who'd had limited snaking experience). She appealed to the sensibilities of the frosh's companions,

to an interprising Carolina Frosh, who were properly appreciative of the situation. In the end, one of them gave the disgruntled state man a dollar to go see a movie and spent the evening trying to get

has been verified by historians who visited the field and walked over the entire course of action.) The CG arrives in Greensboro in

the afternoon, spends a pleasant evening chasing his non-student date around her apartment, then about midnight borrows her car this earth. He spends hilder bet in and manen to neturn to his own quarters. After several unsuccessful attempts to secure a late date . on the Main streets of town and ·being chased away from the WC campais at gunpoint, by the night watchmen, he sorrowfully turns with leaden tires toward that black hole of Morpheus, the dormitory (ha) of the YMCA. This place is enough life deter the staunchest troupel in his search for companions. Anyone who has ever spent a night in this foul dungeon knows the lack of exaggeration in this description . . It is a concrete room with 20-25 iron frame, sagging, double decker bunks, each holding a mattress apparently stuffed with golf balls, so lumpy is its surface. Each inmate is equipped with the blessings of the

udes a distinctly equestrian odor. Draping his clothing over the bedpost, the weary CG rolls up in the wooly rag and attempts to sleep. The chorus of snores emitted by his heterogeneous grouping of companions is at least nauseating. It is hinted that a former CG composed his famous Cantata, "The Damnation of John Barleycorn," as the result of listening to this serenade for one night. This little interlude is a graphic representation of the trials that stouthearted CG's undergo each weekend just to be with their girls, to whom they are supremely faithful-as a group, you understand, not as individuals.

The CG is delightfully naughty, lying like a hound dog as the occasion demands. You'd be amazed at his capacity for sugar-coated untruth. (Ask any coed.) But still we must admire him. He represents the spirit of the nunt, the fire of youth, and all that is sporting and adventuresome. His stoic reply to exceriation or praise remains: "Vive le difference."

We walked into Lenoir Hall the other day, and the first person we encountered was a student worker, whistling listlessly as he pushed his broom about.

We greeted him, but received no answer. Again we spoke, and again there was no answer. Puzzled, we walked to the tobacco counter. "A pack of cigarettes, please,"

No answer.

"Pall Mall, please."

The cashier handed us a pack.

"Twenty-three?""

A nod confirmed the price.

More confused, we walked to the line and filled our tray. At the cashier's stand the spell was finally broken. Smiling, we asked,

"How are you today?"

"Seventy-three," the cashier said.

Dumfounded, we moved toward a clean table. As we ate, we noticed the prevading silence about us. Another friend of ours, a floor man, was working that shift. As he pushed his cart by the table, we spoke: "Hey. What's going on here? Why the silent treatment?"

His gaze told nothing, but his trembling lips showed the pent-up emotion.

from."

masses, which is the way many Friday was worse.

people answer the China question. We had a breakfast which consisted of two the French are, in fact, some of pieces of toast, jelly, knife, spoon, fork, napkin the best educated and culturally and chicory-er, coffee. (Get the point?).

The reason for the budgeary breakfast (meaning proud people in the world. Take Germany as another ex- "small") was that we were scheduled for x-rays at ample. During the thirties much 1:15 p.m. We were told that there would be no intellectual activity was centered lunch for us-until after the x-rays. But we had a in Germany. It was in this very lunch of fish, salad, beans, more chicory, pie and other real foods. We never did figure that one out, atmosphere that Hitler rose to an either. all-powerful position. Many people

So, at one p.m. we were taken-in a wheelchair -down to X-ray. We had been up walking around for some time-and were capable of walking still more. After that castor oil, if one couldn't walk ... we shudder to think of it. But we went to X-ray in a wheelchair, nevertheless.

But on the way to X-ray we stopped off at the office to answer questions for some form of form. Strangely enough, we did not have to sign a non-Communist oath.

amples right here in the U.S. Following the question and answer period we which show that people prefer sewere presented with a bill. Guess they wanted to be curity to freedom. Most of the sure we got the bill before we went to X-ray, in pressure groups in Washington are case something drastic happened.

not crying for freedom but to be So we sat in the waiting room-which is very relieved from it. Certainly the appropriately named. For wait we did. For three American farmers do not want solid hours we waited. But we don't have too many freedom. Certainly the business- complaints about the waiting. We had plenty of time men in this country do not want to read. We read such magazines as "Time," "Life," freedom. All we can hear is their "U. S. News and World Report," "Reader's Digest," cry to be relieved from the harsh and a clever little thing on cancer-a nice cheery world of competition. I believe sort of thing. (Note: All of the above mentioned their phrase is "protection from magazines were at least six months old). Finally we 'inferior' overseas workers." were summoned. To another waiing room across the After considering some of these hall, (Well, at least it was Some progress!).

factors, it is difficult to see how But here things were different. A female kept democracy is going to survive dashing through looking efficient-in more ways without harder work on our part, than one. We never did figure out whether she was We have not only been unable to wearing a sweater or just had fuzzy blue skin. From spread democracy over the world the looks of things, the latter seems more likely! As but we have not even convinced someone once said, she had curves in places where most people that it is the best most girls don't even have places: She was a real form of government. What does deck of cards. Stacked! freedom of the press, mean to a

Then there was the receptionist from the other waiting room who scurried in every so often with peasant who cannot read? What little green forms-and I'd almost swear she piled does freedom of speech mean to all of them on top of our little green form. the man who has no radio and who

lives in the jungles or deserts? The gentleman (we know he was, because he offered us a cigarette when we were on the verge of a The vast majority of people over nicotine fit) who was running things in X-ray was the world are not interested in a very congenial type of fellow. And how he manthese intellectual concepts. We in aged to be congenial with all the hustle, bustle and America preach "freedom to," but the blue-skinned, buxon blonde we never did figure the majority of the masses over the world would be very happy if

Finally (and we nearly mean that literally) we got into the X-ray room. A raven-haired little thing plopped us down on a steel table and commenced-to take X-rays.

And for another hour she took X-rays.

Finally she finished and we paraded back to our room. Walking. After the ride down we sure could've used a ride back. Guess the wheelchair was out of gas. Or else the orderly was off in a

GEMS OF THOUGHT

honour. -Francis Quarles

they could only achieve "freedom

Harper's Bizarre

1870. Subscription rates: \$4.50 per se mester, \$8.50 per rear The Daily Tar Heel is printed by the News Inc., Carrboro, N. C	
Editor	CURTIS GANS
Managing Editor	CHUCK FLINNER STAN FISHER
Business Manager	WALKER BLANTON
Advertising Manager	FRED KATZIN
News Editor	ANNE FRYE
Sports Editor	RUSTY HAMMOND

"Why won't anyone talk?"

He couldn't stand it any longer. We saw a tear glint in his eye he pushed the cart hurriedly away.

Perhaps fifteen minutes later this same floor man, usually a brilliant conversationist, passed our table again. A note fluttered down from his hand. And the state of the state of the

Catching the spirit of the thing, we hid it in our notebook and walked back to the dorm.

Locking the door, we opened the folded message and read: "Very sorry. Word came down from the boss. No more talking with customry Ward Beecher ers or other workers. Cashiers, floor men, servers-all under strict surveilance. Don't know what penalty is-hear it's horrible. Very, very sorry.""

The note was unsigned, but we burned it anyway, and scattered the documented experience of an the ashes in secret places. ---J. Harper...

Bauffanftanftan Banftanfterift in back room somewhere taking a snooze.

AFFECTION That night was rather routine also. "Turn off To be the recipient of affection that TV. Out with he lights." This was the cry of is a potent cause of happiness, the nurse at precisely 10 p.m. However, after much but the man who demands affec- persuasion, bribery and so forth, she allowed us to tion is not the man upon whom stay up until every bit of 10:30. (She'll probably lose it is bestowed .- Bertrand Russell her pulse-taking license for this). Our sweetest experiences of af-

Came the dawn we were again rudely awakened fection are meant to point us to and another thermometer was crammed down our that realm which is the real and gullet. And at 7 a.m. we rolled out of the sack endless home of the heart.-Hen- (literally) to have our beds made up.

And finally, at 9 a.m., following a hard-boiled Happy is he the palace of egg and prune breakfast, we were given our walking whose afection is founded on virpapers. tue, walled with riches, glazed

But we broke another rule by running-out of with beauty, and roofed with the place.

Moral: Don't call us, we'll call you!